

# WOMAN'S OWN PAGE OF SOCIAL AND DOMESTIC TOPICS

## Winter Trouble With the Hands—Chapped Surface a Common Affection Among Women—Some Practical Suggestions.

I AM writing these few lines for the benefit of those who cannot afford to pay for costly remedies.

The skin of the hands, like that of the surface generally, has two chief layers, a superficial called the epidermis, and a deeper layer known as the true skin. The latter is very richly supplied with blood vessels; these are absent from the epidermis, which has to depend for its nutriment on the lymph exuded by the vessels lying below it. To a great extent the skin is kept supple by the secretions of the tiny sweat and sebaceous glands whose ducts open upon its surface.

### Why Chronic Redness Appears.

The palmar aspect of the hand is the more vascular, and here, too, the skin glands are more numerous. Hence the palm seldom suffers by the action of cold so greatly as does the back of the hand. Ordinarily the smallest vessels carrying nutrient blood, and styled capillaries, are in a state of tonic contraction. They are capable of dilating, and of becoming diminished in caliber. Ordinarily also their contents do not render the skin red. The repeated application of any irritant may occasion a permanent dilation, and hence chronic redness may obtain. However, our attention must be confined to the action of cold.

Its first effect is always to contract the capillaries. This contracted state may be so transient as to escape notice. It may be known by the skin become whiter. Upon the scarf skin cold acts as an astringent. How this occasions roughness and chapping may be understood by considering the following facts:

### How "Chapped Hands" Are Caused.

The lymph exuded from the capillaries for the nutrition of the scarf skin does not run in vessels, but penetrates between the scarf skin cells in a manner not unlike that in which water or any other fluid, when thrown on a heap of sand, will find a way between the grains. When the epidermis contracts these permeable channels get so narrow here and there that no fluid can pass. Hence the skin becomes dry and rough. Further contraction causes it to crack, the fissure being termed a "chop."

Side by side with this we get the whiteness of the skin changed to a deep red, due to the fact that the cold temporarily paralyzes the capillaries, allowing their dilatation and depriving them of contractile power. That which will follow excessive degrees of cold need not be considered here.

### Action of a Dry Wind.

Before passing to treatment, I may point out that dry wind, when its action is not negated by heat, removes skin moisture just as it removes the moisture from clothes hung out to dry. Hence such a wind may give rise to skin roughness.

Take equal parts of lanoline, almond oil, camphorated oil and lard. Melt the lanoline and lard, then mix all the ingredients into a cream. Apply this freely before retiring, and, without any prior wiping of the hands, don a large pair of leather or kid gloves. This will prevent and remove all chapping and roughness, but will not render the skin white.

### Kitchen Work and the Hands.

The domestic worker is in a far worse position with regard to the hands than is one not so occupied. Strongly alkaline soaps, such as are used for cleansing floors and utensils, cause the scarf skin to perish. Strong soda water has a very similar action. The hot, greasy water in which the hands are plunged when washing dishes—impregnated, too, with such irritants as vinegar and mustard—is markedly inimical to beauty and skin.

Indeed, the woman of all work is engaged from the time of her rising to that of her resting—when that rare event is attained—in a series of involuntary efforts to make the hands red and otherwise unsightly.

### An Excellent Remedy.

If a cheap dressing be required, one may be prepared as follows: Take one dessertspoonful of the best white bitter almonds in fine powder. I am not speaking of the ground almonds sold at the shops for culinary purposes. Make into a paste with one wineglassful of water. Boil for two minutes. Stir in one teaspoonful of borax. Remove from the fire, and strain through linen.

Shake up the strained fluid with one dessertspoonful of chalk in powder. Strain again. Mix two teaspoonfuls of simple tincture of benzoin, two of tincture of myrrh, and half an ounce of pure glycerine. Now add the almond water mixture to the other, very slowly, in fact, almost drop by drop, and with frequent agitation of the receiving vessel.

This wash can be used quite freely. If a deeper whiteness be required than that yielded by it more chalk can be added.



A charming hat to wear with the afternoon tea costume is of fancy folds of white tulle, combined with mink. A white ostrich plume is caught in the most picturesque fashion to the under side of the brim.

## ARE WOMEN'S CLUBS A BAR TO MATRIMONY?

By KATE THYSON MARR.

VERY decidedly—Yes!

In fact, any pursuit, occupation or business affiliation that consumes a woman's time or engrosses her attention bars from her heart and mind the inclination for sentiments that are the landmarks leading to the haven of matrimony.

A woman, whether old or young, who becomes inoculated with the club fad becomes correspondingly inoculated in an aggravated form with a sense of her own importance and fancies that her mission in life is to gather into the fold converts to the club teachings, and her enthusiasm leaves her neither time nor inclination for the sentimental tendencies of her sex. The aim and object of her club she considers her first and all-engrossing duty.

### How It Is Brought About.

The closer her affiliation with the club, the further recedes her charm for the opposite sex. If she possesses the means to live well her home becomes the rendezvous for women impregnated with mutually congenial theories, which soon verge more or less onto a sort of freak incubator institution wherein is often hatched the worst than freakish ideas that at times startle a community. These abnormal spinsters cherish an abiding horror of masculinity, for the reason that the closer a woman's

affiliations with other women is drawn the more studiously will men avoid her.

Women's clubs are the continuous performance death knell of sentiment. When a woman is deeply interested in anything or anybody, whether it be a man, a baby or a club, that one particular object she makes the constant, unflagging, irremissible topic of all her conversation.

If she is in love, she can only think of that one man, and her speech is the echo of the "think." If it's a baby, that is the one and only baby that ever was, although those who listen know that there have been others. If it's a club, she wants to hammer everybody with it, and soon the idea of attentions from the opposite sex becomes a forlorn, or rather a dim-in-the-distance hope.

The spirit of independence that follows the wake of the women's club is diametrically opposed to the sentimental idea of dependence that a man likes to feel exists between himself and the woman he loves. Club women soon lose this gracious charm.

It may be a broad assertion, but observation has led me to believe that women deteriorate through too constant association with other women. A man's companionship induces her to appear always at her best, personally, and if the man is cultured she is also benefited mentally. His strength or superiority

in mental attainments acts as a stimulant.

The most brilliant women in the world of art and literature have achieved fame through association with men of even greater brilliancy; while, although a man may be assisted by a woman, it is negatively and morally. The more dependent a woman is under the protection of a man's love, the more lovable she is in his eyes.

Independence, whether financial or in thought or action, very often detracts immensely from a woman's charm. She cannot stand it, and is in a state of antagonism against even her own impulses. This independence becomes to her infinitely dearer than any love a man might proffer her.

### Women Crave Independence.

How often do we hear a woman arguing against the dictates of her own heart? In speaking of a love affair they will say emphatically, "Yes, I would marry him, but I hate to give up my own independence," and this applies alike to the woman of the club's and the business woman.

In no city of the country is this spirit of independence loving more strikingly emphasized than in Washington. In the Government offices are many lovely, cultured women who have been wooed by the best men of the country, yet the life of independence is more fascinating than

a handsome bank account with a masculine lock-and-key attachment.

The office hours are not trying, considered from a wage earner's standpoint; the work is congenial, and, above all, the pay is good, with no fears of delays in the settlements; consequently the women grow gray in the service. They philosophize that "they know what they have, but do not know what they will be getting if they venture into matrimony."

And having taken to heart the lessons of the experience of many of their co-workers, of whom there are many potent examples where pretty girls left the office for love, and, after finding marriage a failure, have drifted back, no longer light-hearted girls, but women with other little lives to share the salary, the majority labor on, and many of them die in harness.

### Sentiment Is Antagonized.

Club life is even a greater bar to matrimony than business life for a woman. The spirit of independence of thought and action in the club woman, the independence financially of the business woman, all tend to antagonize sentiment.

Men will never seek the professional club woman with the intention of paying her the highest compliment that a man can pay a woman, the offer of his heart and name. And the woman who assumes club affiliations after marriage, in proportion as her interest in the one in-

creases, will diminish the other.

The two will not reconcile any more than a man can maintain two establishments on the same footing. Women's clubs have desolated many homes, and no argument in their favor will ever redeem them in the eyes of right-minded men.

### The Woman He Does Not Want.

Men do not admire the woman whom the world calls "clever," on the same principle they fail to appreciate the eccentricities that foster women's clubs. The very array of titles designating these cliques is formidable, and the women wedded to them soon lose the gentleness and true womanly grace that appeal to a man's sense of chivalry.

He wants the woman he loves to look up to him. He wants her bright and entertaining and companionable, and certainly the woman whose brain is distorted and whose time is engrossed by club fads is not the kind of a woman that a man will seek to woo with the old, old story.

A woman who talks always of hygiene, physical culture, sanitary conditions, women's rights, missions, municipal abuses and many kindred things that perturb the uneasy souls of these restless females, are praiseworthy, no doubt, in their way, but that way is far from the ken of a man's quest when he is in search of the true, lovable and womanly woman whom he wishes to make of his soul a part.

## The Woman Who Observes Wants to Know if Men Are Vain and Tells of Her Observations of the Sterner Sex.

"ARE men vain?" asked the woman who observes. And she answered herself by saying: "I should say so."

"There are some qualities that from time immemorial have been conceded to be the exclusive property of the weaker sex," she continued. "Among the number is vanity. Women have been criticised and ridiculed for her attention to dress, and personal adornment, for her use of cosmetics and false hair, for her padded figure, her high heeled shoes, her susceptibility to flattery, and so on ad infinitum ad nauseum.

"I will not strive to deny that the accusations have much of truth in them, but I am not willing that she should bear the burden alone. Let us for a moment look at her stronger brother and ask him to consider the beam in his own eye before exhibiting any marked strenuousness in an attempt to remove the mote from the eye of his sister.

### To Add to His Stature.

"I know a good physician who stands high in his profession, yet his skill gives him no power to add to his inches. He therefore wears always shoes with heels calculated to remedy this defect of nature. Is not this vanity?

"I know another man who has remarkably small, well shaped feet, and he invariably wears his shoes a size too small to accentuate the fact. This, too, is vanity—the vanity that suffers and is strong. Could not tailors tell a tale of padded shoulders and many artifices used to enhance the manly form? Why, it has been years since a pair of narrow, sloping shoulders have been seen in a coat. They are plentiful enough, however, in a bathing suit.

### When He Uses the Mirror.

"I know a woman who delights in telling a story about selling a number of pieces of furniture, and among them was a mirror. The latter was the only article that her husband remarked the absence of from its accustomed place. Passing strange in a creature void of vanity, surely.

"Among my friends is a bachelor who takes such pride in his finger nails that his constant and unremitting attention to them during his hours in the office have earned for him the nickname of 'The Manicure.' And this, too, is vanity.

"As an example of man's susceptibility to flattery I can adduce nothing stronger than the case of a bookkeeper who was becoming stoop shouldered. His mother and his wife expostulated and exhorted in vain. They changed their tactics, and in and out of season casually remarked what fine broad shoulders he had. Why, it was no time until he was so straight he almost bent the other way, and his chest measure had increased three inches.

### When His Lady Love Approaches.

"Did you ever notice the antics of Charles when he sees Clara in the distance? He straightens his necktie, gives his mustache a twist, braces his shoulders up, and throws a 'killing' expression into his eyes. Then, when they meet, he lifts his hat with what he considers the grace of a Chesterfield, and passes on feeling sure that he has stunned her by such an exhibition of manly grace and beauty. Or see him as he takes his seat in the drawing room to await the fair one's coming. He carefully assumes a graceful attitude with right foot at an angle of 45 degrees' inclination, left foot about 37 1/2 degrees, pulls up his trousers over the knee that the mathematical exactitude of the crease may not be interfered with.

### Willie Wants to Have Dimples.

"At a little informal evening company recently I sat next a woman who designated her husband as 'My Johnny.' In the course of the evening she remarked to me: 'Did you ever see a finer display of ankles, or fancy hosiery and patent leathers? I am going to get my Johnny some.' I scanned the pedal extremities of the male guests, and dazzling indeed was the array—every color of the rainbow represented in hie and silk, and, oh, the complacency of the wearers—it is beyond description.

"But the limit of male vanity reached was told me the other day in Willie, who would have dimples." Now, why he wants them, I never remain a mystery in the breast, but he wants them and must have them, for he is willing to submit to a surgical operation to get them.

"Surely the sage of yore spoke for all time and all people when he said: 'All is vanity.'"

### OUTDOOR EXERCISE.

Every woman, house-bound, no matter what her station in life, will acknowledge that she would be in better health and spirits if she went out more.

But many of them will invent more excuses for staying in the house than there are tucks and ruffles on the garments the fashioning of which has kept many a woman within doors, to the detriment of herself and family; for I'm sure you will agree with me that one nervous, fidgety, discontented member of the family will set them all by the ears as a "little leaven leaveneth the whole lump."